THE

MASQUERADE,

A

POEM.

INSCRIBED TO

C---T H--D--G--R.

—— *Velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ*
—— *Species* — Hor. Art. Poet.

By LEMUEL GULLIVER,
Poet Laureat to the King of LILLIPUT.

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THE DEDICATION.

SIR,

I Believe no one will dispute your right to this little poem, any more than your presiding over that diversion it celebrates; therefore I shall, without excuse, lay it at your feet.

The flattery of dedications has been often exploded: to avoid the most distant imputation of which, I shall omit several things that (perhaps) might not be justly so called: and that the more readily, since your merit is so well known, it would be only publishing what is in every one's mouth.

I cannot, however, help congratulating you on that gift of nature, by which you seem so adapted to the post you enjoy. I mean that natural masque, which is too visible a perfection to be insisted on here — and, I am sure, never fails of making an impression on the most indifferent beholder.

Another gift of nature, which you seem to enjoy in no small degree, is that modest confidence supporting you in every act of your life. Certainly, a great blessing! for I always have observed, that brass in the forehead draws gold into the pocket.

As for what mankind call virtues, I shall not compliment you on them: since you are so wise to keep them secret from the world, far be it from me to publish them; especially since they are things which lie out of the way of your calling.

Here I beg leave to contradict two scandalous aspersions, which have been spread against you.

First,

DEDICATION.

Firſt, That you are a b——d.

Secondly, A conjurer.

Whoever has ſeen you at a m-ſq-r-de, cannot believe the firſt — and you have given ſeveral inſtances at White's, that you are not the other.

But what ſignifies attempting to confute what needs no confutation? — Beſides, you have ſo great a ſoul, that you deſpiſe all ſcandal — and live in the world with the ſame indifference, that people have at a maſquerade, where they are not known.

Smile then (if you can ſmile) on my endeavours, and this little poem, with candour — for which the author deſires no more gratuity than a ticket for your next ball, and is,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

From my garret
in Grub-ſtreet.

Humble ſervant,

LEMUEL GULLIVER.

THE

MASQUERADE,

A

POEM.

OME call Curiosity an evil,
And say 'twas that, by which the devil
With Eve succeeded in his suit,
To taste the dear forbidden fruit.
Others (allowing this) yet wou'd
Prove it has done less harm than good.
To this (say they) whate'er we know
In arts or sciences, we owe.
To this, how justly are attributed
What W—st—n, H—l—y, have exhibited!
From this we borrow hopes of greater
Discoveries of madam Nature.
Hence is our expectation gain'd,
To see the longitude explain'd.
'Tis this which sets the chemist on,
To seek that secret-natur'd stone,
Which the philosophers have told,
When found, turns all things into gold:
But being hunted, and not caught,
Oh! sad reverse! turns gold to nought.
Britain may hence her knowledge brag
Of Lilliput and Brobdingnag:

This

This paſſion dictated that voyage,
Which will be parallel'd in no age.
'Twas this which furl'd my ſwelling ſails,
And bid me truſt uncertain gales;
Gave me thro' unknown ſeas a lift,
And, ſpight of dangers, made me Swift.
'Tis this which ſends the Britiſh fair
To ſee Italians dance in air.
This crowds alike the repr'ſentation
Of Lun's and Bullen's coronation.
By this embolden'd, tim'rous maids
Adventure to the maſquerades.
And, to confeſs the truth, 'twas this
Which ſent me there, as well as miſs.
Now for the benefit of thoſe,
Whoſe Curioſity oppoſe,
Or parents ſtrict, or jealous ſpouſes,
(Rogues! who make priſons of their houſes)
The ſequel all its joys unravels,
Plain as th' adventures in my travels.

The criticks wou'd be apt to bark,
Was I to leave them in the dark
As to my dreſs — Faith! I appear'd
In the ſtrange habit of a bard.
My ſhabby coat you might have known
To have been black — tho' now 'twas brown:
My breeches (old tradition ſays)
Were new in queen Eliza's days;
And to enforce our faith, we're told
They ne'er were worn with weighty gold:
My goat-ſkin-aping wig (I've heard)
Was made of Hudibras's beard;
Its hairs, in quantity and hue,
Declare its ped'gree to be true.
The laurels did my temples grace,
As did a maſque my uglier face.
Thus when equipp'd, I call'd a chair,
Go, to th' Haymarket theatre.

O muſe, ſome ſimile indite,
To ſhew the oddneſs of the ſight.

As in a madman's frantic ſkull,
When pale-fac'd Luna is at full,
In wild confuſion huddled lies
A heap of incoherencies:
So here in one confuſion hurl'd,
Seem all the nations of the world;
Cardinals, quakers, judges dance;
Grim Turks are coy, and nuns advance.
Grave churchmen here at hazard play;
Cinque-ace ten pound — done, quater-tray.
Known prudes there, libertines we find,
Who maſque the face, t' unmaſque the mind.
Here, running footmen guzzle tea;
There, milk-maids flaſks of Burgundy.
I ſaw two ſhepherdeſſes dr-nk
And heard a friar call'd a p-nk.
Loſt in amazement as I ſtood,
A lady in a velvet hood,
(Her mein St. James's ſeem'd t' explain,
But her aſſurance — Drury-lane,
Not Hercules was ever bolder)
Came up, and ſlapp'd me on the ſhoulder.
Why how now, poet! pray, how fare
Our friends, who feed on Grub-ſtreet air?
For, be aſſur'd, we all ſhall dub
Thy laureat-brow, with name of Scrub.
No man of any faſhion wou'd
Appear a poet in a crowd.
A poet in this age we ſhun,
With as much terror as a dun:
Both are receiv'd with equal ſorrow,
Who wou'd be paid, and who wou'd borrow.
And tho' you never ſpeak — we ſpy
The craving beggar in your eye.
For poverty rules all your hoſt,
The ſin againſt the —— ——
Madam, to underſtand, we're giv'n
That poverty's the road to heav'n.
Why ay (ſays ſhe) ſo churchmen ſay,
But ſtill they chuſe the other way.
Well, madam, (if it will allure you)
I am no poet, I aſſure you.

Tho'

Tho' in this garb — I'm in reality,
A young, ſmart, dapper man of quality.
No lawrels — but a ſmart toupee,
In drawing-rooms, diſtinguiſh me.
I often friſk it to the play,
To Norfolk's, Kemp's and Strafford's day.
An opera I never miſs;
To ſhew my teeth — I ſometimes hiſs.
I'm ſeen where-e'er the ladies flock;
My converſation's — What's a clock?
Then of the weather I complain;
No matter whether wind or rain,
Or hot or cold; for in a breath,
I'm ſometimes ſcorch'd, and froze to death.
Rain has been often the creation
Of a dry frozen converſation.
No wind e'er rages, but it blows
In ſympathetic mouths of beaux.
Enough! (the lady cry'd:) I ſee
You are, indeed, the man for me:
For all our wiſer part deſpiſe
Thoſe little apiſh butterflies;
And if the breed been't quickly mended;
Your empire ſhortly will be ended:
Breeches our brawny thighs ſhall grace,
(Another Amazonian race.)
For when men women turn — why then
May women not be chang'd to men?

But come, we'll take a turn, and try
What myſteries we can deſcry.

Hold, madam, pray what hideous figure
Advances? Sir, that's C——t H—d—g—r.
How could it come into his gizzard,
T' invent ſo horrible a vizzard?
How could it, ſir? (ſays ſhe) I'll tell you:
It came into his mother's belly;
For you muſt know, that horrid phyz is
(Puris naturalibus) his viſage.
Monſtrous! that human nature can
Have form'd ſo ſtrange burleſque a man.

Why,

Why, ſir, (ſays ſhe) there are who doubt
That nature's ſelf ne'er made it out:
For there's a little ſcrip which reſteth
Of an old regiſter, atteſteth,
That Amadis being convey'd,
By magic, to th' infernal ſhade;
By magic, there begot upon
The fair Tyſiphone, a ſon:
And that, as Mulciber was driv'n
Headlong, for's uglineſs, from heav'n;
So, for his uglineſs more fell,
Was H—d—g—r toſs'd out of hell,
And, in return, by Satan made
Firſt miniſter of 's maſquerade.
Now this his juſt preferment bears,
'Mongſt wits, the name of Kick-up-ſtairs.
Madam (ſays I) I am inclin'd,
(Tho' of no ſuperſtitious mind)
To think ſome magic art is us'd,
By which our ſenſes are abus'd:
For what can here this crowd purſue,
Where they all nothing have to do?
Nothing! why ſee at yonder ſide-board
What ſweetmeats miſs does in her hide hoard.
A little farther take your eye,
And ſee how faſt the glaſſes fly.
Again ſurvey the inner room,
There trembling gameſters wait their doom.
Here the gay dance the fair employs;
There, Damon ſues forbidden joys,
Whilſt Sylvia, liſtening to his pray'r,
Gives him no reaſon to deſpair.
See, where poor Doris tries t' aſſwage
The haughty Laura's fiery rage;
Who caught him with a rival miſtreſs,
(The ſad occaſion of her diſtreſs.)
For drinking, gaming, dancing — and
Contriving to — you underſtand —
(What well-bred ſpouſes muſt connive at)
Are the chief bus'neſſes they drive at.
Some, indeed, hither ſends good-nature,
To vent their o'er-grown wit in ſatyr:

ome ſpend their time in repartee;
Others, rare wits, in ribaldry:
Whilſt others rally all they ſee,
With that ſmart phraſe, "Do you know me?"
Below ſtairs hungry whores are picking
The bones of wild fowl, and of chicken;
And into pockets ſome convey
Proviſions for another day;
Preparing thus for future wants,
They've both the ſting and care of ants.
But ſee Loretta comes, that common —
Madam, how from another woman
Do you a ſtrumpet maſqu'd diſtinguiſh?
Becauſe that thing, which we, in Engliſh,
Do virtue call, is always took
To hold its ſtation in the look.
Poet, quoth ſhe, (firſt having ſhaken
Her ſides with laughter) you're miſtaken.
Your brother bards have often ſung,
That virtue's ſeated in the tongue:
With you, nor them can I agree;
For virtue's unconfin'd and free;
Is neither ſeated here nor there,
A perfect ſhadow, light as air,
It rambles looſely, every where.
In miſs's heart, at ten it lies;
At twenty, mounts into her eyes;
Till forty, how it does diſpoſe
Of its dear ſelf, no mortal knows.
The tongue is then its certain ſtation,
And thence it guards the reputation.
Again (ſays ſhe) ſome others aſk,
They'll tell you virtue is a maſque:
But it wou'd look extremely queer
In any one, to wear it here.
Madam (ſays I) methinks you ramble;
What need we this your long preamble?
Well then, as in the different ages,
So virtue in the different ſtages
Of female life, its ſtation alters:
It in the widow's jointure ſhelters;

In

In wives, 'tis not ſo plain where laid;
But in the virgin's maidenhead.
A maidenhead now never dies,
'Till, like true phœnix, it ſupplies
Its loſs, by leaving us another:
For ſhe's a maid, who is no mother.
And ſhe may be — we ſee in life,
A mother, who is not a wife.
Now 'tis this caſe, which in the trumpet
Of fame diſtinguiſhes a ſtrumpet:
This, having been Loretta's fate,
Did to the world her loſs relate.
So, poor Caliſtho it befel,
With ſecret injuries, to ſwell;
But had Diana thro' her clan,
(To try how far th' infection ran)
Forc'd all her followers to tryal
Of chaſtity, by ordeal;
Who knows (tho' it had rag'd no higher)
What pretty feet had ſwell'd by fire?

But ſee that knot of ſhepherdeſſes,
And ſhepherds — well — they're pretty dreſſes.
Such the Arcadian ſhepherds were,
When love alone could charm the fair:
Such the Arcadian nymphs, when love
Beauty alone in men could move.
How happy did they ſport away,
In fragrant bow'rs, the ſcorching day;
Or, to the Nightingale's ſoft tune,
Danc'd by the luſtre of the moon!
Beauteous the nymphs, the ſwains ſincere,
They knew no jealouſy, no fear:
Together flock'd, like turtle-doves,
All conſtant to their plighted loves.
How different is now their fate!
Both equally conſpire to cheat.
Florus, with lying billet-doux
The charming Roſalind purſues;
Follows her to the play — to court,
Where-ever the beau monde reſort.

Some half a year he's made that tool,
The wiſe yclepe a woman's fool:
At laſt the pitying fair relents,
And to his utmoſt wiſh conſents.
No ſooner is the nymph enjoy'd,
Than Florus, fickle youth, is cloy'd.
He leaves her for another toaſt;
She laughs, and cries—pray—who has loſt?

Madam, ſaid I, a ſimile
Of mine will with your tale agree.
So have I ſeen two gameſters meet,
(Both ignorant that both wou'd cheat)
Throw half an hour of life away,
Cheating by turns in fruitleſs play.
At laſt each other's tricks diſcover,
And wiſely give their throwing over:
At one another laugh, as fools,
And run away to ſeek new culls.

Poet, your ſimile is juſt.
But what comes here? quoth I—a ghoſt;
I hope the fantom does not ſcare you?
O no; ſays ſhe: but ſee what's near you.
Oh hideous? what a dreadful face!
Worſe than the maſter's of the place!
Has nature been ſo very ſparing
Of uglineſs, to th' age we are in;
That our deformity by nature
Art muſt contrive to render greater?
Quoth ſhe, for different reaſons here,
In different maſques, we all appear,
Some ugly vizards are deſign'd
To raiſe ideas in the mind;
Which may, like foils, conſpire to grace
The leſſer horrors of the face.
Others in beauteous maſques delight,
To be thought belles for half a night;
As proud of this ſhort transformation,
As juſtice D——k at c--r--n--t--n.
For know, (tho' 'tis by few believ'd)
Moſt go away from hence deceiv'd:

Error, (ſtrange goddeſs !) ruleth here,
And from her caſtle in the air,
Carefully watches o'er our motions,
Receives our off'rings and devotions.

Behold, aloft, the goddeſs ſit,
In her appearance a coquette;
Six beaus, as many belles, are ſhown,
On right, and left-hand of her throne.
See Venus, Bacchus, Fortune there;
So, at this diſtance, they appear:
But all are pictures, view them near.
The goddeſs theſe, with ſubtle art,
Has plac'd, to captivate each heart.
For whilſt you with a vain entreaty,
Attack the favourite painted deity,
You fall into an unſeen net;
(By Error on that purpoſe ſet.)
Thus caught, you are oblig'd to wander
Through a myſterious wild meander:
Wearied, at laſt you find the door,
Then hey to wine, or wife or w——re.
Of theſe, no matter which, a doſe
Your ſenſes does in ſleep compoſe;
Waking, all your adventures ſeem
An idle, trifling, feveriſh dream.
This fate, indeed, does not befal
(Tho' much the greater numbers) all:
For ſome o'er-leap with nimble feet;
Others, with ſtronger, break the net:
Then kneeling at the favourite ſhrine,
They make the deity benign.

Now that a g—d may be entreated,
By prayers to images related;
'Twill not be credited by ſome
In England, but by all at Rome.

Thus Fortune ſends the gameſters luck,
Venus her votary a ——
—Miſtreſs—Oh! criticks, ſpare the crime,
Of one who cou'd not find a rhyme.

Bacchus,

Bacchus, that jolly power divine,
To his petitioner ſends wine.

The lucky gameſter, when repoſe
No longer will his eye-lids cloſe,
With triumph feels his loaded breeches,
That bend beneath the weighty riches.
The happy lover, when he awakes,
And a ſurvey of Celia takes,
As ſleeping by his ſide ſhe lies,
Kiſſes, in ecſtaſy, her eyes,
Her lips, her breaſt; devours her charms,
And dies in raptures, in her arms.
The honeſt ſot, diſdaining reſt,
Finds joy imperial in his breaſt;
As great an emperor as any
In Bedlam, Ruſſia, or Germany.

But tho' each godſhip kindly grants
To ſome petitioners their wants:
Each does refuſe (I know not why)
With ſome petitions to comply;
And oft requites a hearty prayer,
(Inſtead of joys) with woes and care:
For view the young unſeaſon'd drinker,
Oh L—d! methinks I ſmell him ſtink here;
Welt'ring, he in his pigſty lies,
And curſes all debaucheries.
The undone gameſter wakes, and tears,
From his ill-fated head, his hairs.
The lover, who has now poſſeſs'd,
From unknown Flora, his requeſt;
(Who with a pretty, modeſt grace,
Diſcover'd all things but her face:)
Pulls off her maſque in am'rous fury,
And finds a gentle nymph of Drury,
Curſes his luſt——laments his fate,
And kicks her out of bed too late.
From different ſprings, of equal pain,
The gameſter and gallant complain;
The gameſter mourns his loſing lot,
The lover fears—that he has got.

Theſe are the ſcenes—wherein engage
The numbers now upon this ſtage.
Theſe are the different ends, which all
In different degrees befal.
Now I'll diſcover who I am:
A muſe—Calliope my name.
I ſtood ſurpriz'd, whilſt from my ſight
She vaniſh'd, in a ſudden flight.

FINIS.